A Souvenir of Banff.

Meeting of the Waters

By

K. L. Jones.

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From the base of the glacier that's nesting
Away in the infinite height,
The dark mass of the mountain top cresting,
In glory of purple and white !
The clouds floated over and under,
The lightnings their revelries made,
With peal after peal of the thunder
Now flirted and played.

The gladness of sunshine and summer
Unfettered our frost-welded chains;
With the glee of a sturdy new comer,
We broke with a bound for the plains;
O'er boulders now bawling and curling,
Now resting in pools in the bay,
In magical melody swirling
We kept on our way.

We were lonely—for fellowship burning,
To woo the cold mountains we tried,
But in spite of our passionate yearning
They spurned us and cast us aside;
They called our advances encroaching,
To our smiling they turned a hard face,
And though we kept pleading, reproaching,
They scorned our embrace.

One eve, when the shadows were creeping
With purple steps up on the hill,
And all voices were silent in sleeping,
Except the forlorn whip-poor-will,
We called down the canyon lighted
By sunset's last lingering ray,
Our vows for eternity plighted,
The Bow to the Spray.

We met with a shout of rejoicing,
That rolled up the steep mountain side,
The Bow all his gladness revoicing,
To the gentler heart of his bride;
The Spray, with a ripple of pleasure,
Flowed on to his passionate breast,
With rapture unmixed, without measure,
And perfectly blessed.

So we sweep on, our currents forever
United in wedlock to be;
No storms can divorce us, or sever
Our life on its course to the sea;
Refreshing the earth and reflecting
The blue sky that vaults us above,
When time has expired, expecting
An ocean of love.